THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1808.

MISS SMITH,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

"Women are every where respected for their modesty; and the men every where conceive, that when the fair sex neglect their manners they also neglect their duty." *Rousseau.*

THIS respectable lady, and excellent actress, is the daughter of Mr. Smith, of the Dublin theatre, who, in the character of Polydore, was wounded by Mr. Reddish, during their performance in the Orphan. Mr. Smith married Miss Scrace, an actress of some note in that city, and their daughter, the amiable subject of our present memoir, was at an early age brought forward in characters according with her age. After the death of her father, (Mrs. Smith being a second time married to a performer,) she made a tour of most of the provincial theatres, and with success adequate to her most sanguine wishes. Her first appearance on the London boards was in the character of Lady Townly, in the Provoked Husband, and she was received with such general approbation, as dissipated her fears, and established her fame with a London audience.

After the play she recited Collins's Ode on the Passions, which was purposely set to music, and afforded her ample scope for a display of her powers: the effect was impressive, and in some of the passions, namely, Jealousy, Hope, Despair, and such as called forth extraordinary exertion, she succeeded to admiration. Since her engagement with Mr. Harris, she has appeared in a variety of characters, most of which she sustained in a manner highly creditable to her talents. Many of her admirers have attempted to draw a comparison between her and Mrs. Siddons; but, if we look back to the period when that inimitable actress was in the zenith of her excellence, we must consider such an attempt as the result of bad taste and partiality. It is true, in the delineation of the softer sensibilities of the female heart, Miss Smith has the palm of superiority; and her Isabella, Monimia, and Desdemona, are at least equal. Yet we conceive, that as she possesses not in an equal degree the power of exciting horrible emotions, she can never personate the character of Lady Macbeth, or Hermoine, to the entire satisfaction of those who have been accustomed to see Mrs. Siddons in those parts. In genteel comedy she has all the manners of a lady, and there is a chaste dignity in her deportment, which stamps her with respectability. This modest reserve may perhaps give a degree of coldness to the performance, but it is nevertheless more satisfactory to an audience than that flippant levity, which disgusts in general, and casts a lasting odium on the profession.

ANECDOTE.

THE Persian poet, Sadi, has related the following candid and sensible observation of an old man:—When some of his friends advised him to marry, he replied, "I do not like old women.—"Why, then," observed the advisers, "marry a young one."—"No; young ones," replied the sage, "do not like old men."

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. III.

A NUMBER of letters are now lying on my desk, which I am required to answer without delay; I shall therefore remain at home the whole of this day, in order to satisfy my importunate correspondents; and as I may, without breach of confidence (not being enjoined to secrecy), make the contents known, I shall transcribe them for the amusement of my readers. The first is from an honest Quaker; and the severity of his animadversions are, I own, in a great measure just.

LETTER I.

" FRIEND, OR FAMILIAR,

" For I know not by what appellation to style thee, I have read thy exordium, and am much astonished therewith; yet, notwithstanding I cannot give implicit credence to thy assertion, that thou designest only to interfere in matters wherein thou mayest conduce to the benefit of society; as I know, by woeful experience, that too many of thy tribe, under most iniquitous pretences, get introduced into sober families, and then basely corrupt the morals of every member thereof. But, that thou mayest not consider me prejudiced, or one who deviates from the way of truth, I will state faithfully the mishaps which have been caused in mine own household by some of thy fraternity.

" Rachel, my better half, was, at the time when I espoused her, as meek and modest a damsel as any that attended the meeting, and I thought the spirit of true holiness dwelt in her mind. She has been the healthy mother of two fine girls, and, until they attained their fifteenth and sixteenth year, I had no just cause of complaint from any one of them. About that period my spouse became acquainted with a shewy young woman, who had been brought up at Bath, but who becoming an orphan, and being distantly related to my family, came to our town to ask my protec-

tion. Not suspecting any mischief likely to result, I assented, and from that unlucky hour I may date my unhappiness. The plain simplicity of our attire at first excited the risibility of our guest; who displayed her own gaudy wardrobe, without raising the immediate envy or admiration of my family. But this wicked creature, who you must understand was a Busy Body, did not rest here; by the most artful persuasion she tempted my spouse to transgress against established forms, and I was inadvertently drawn in to lend an helping hand.—The first article for which my approbation was demanded, was an immensely long pair of stays: in purest ignorance I examined the article, and could not find any fault therewith; my spouse accordingly attired herself in them, when, shocking to relate, what had appeared to me the most inviolable guard of female decorum, gave to her form such an immodest appearance, as indescribably shocked me: it was in vain I remonstrated—these sort of stays were indispensable—and my spouse, who had adopted them while I was absent on business, must certainly catch her death with cold, if she were compelled to abandon them. What could I do? affection got the better of judgment, and I became habituated to a sight, which at first gave me disgust. Thus from trifling causes, events of moment arise; by degrees the chaste dove-coloured habiliment of my daughters were changed to French grey—their bonnets, instead of being plain, as formerly, were decorated with *puffing*—and, too late, I found that this female fiend, this Busy Body, was *puffing* up their minds with worldly vanity and all abomination. What followed—I was engulphed in the torrent, and yielded to such practices, till I was expelled by the fraternity, and my conscience smote me sorely. But my spouse soothed my remorse with tender endearments, and blinded me to my ruin; every frivolous pursuit and vain caprice, acquired charms by its novelty, and my pretty Rachel, no longer a demure Quaker, launched into all the follies of fashion. Our circumstances were in consequence

deranged, and, forgetful of every moral duty, my unhappy spouse has fallen from virtue never to rise more—my children too are irreclaimably lost—the admonitions of a wretched father have little weight, when placed in the opposite scale against corrupt example and the suggestions of a Busy Body—should they too rush into vice and infamy, my cup of misery will be full. It is on this account that I address myself to thee; if thy heart is accessible to pity, let my situation plead to it—become not one of those despicable characters, who destroy the peace and rectitude of an innocent family; exert thy talents for the propagation of virtuous principles, and let not the most trivial inadvertence escape thy observation—for from a small acorn springs a stubborn and deep rooted oak—and from a small foible springs an irremoveable vice. A pair of stays has, by relaxing the austere manners of my spouse, involved us all in shame; and an equally insignificant cause may produce a misfortune of equal magnitude to another worthy family.

"Thine as thou deservest,

"EZEKIEL DOLEFULL."

However I might feel inclined to laugh at the first part of Mr. Dolefull's epistle, the affecting conclusion effectually banished that propensity. I have witnessed several instances of similar alterations in the manners and dress of the female Quakers; and though I do not mean to infer that external forms constitute the basis of morality, I cannot but tremble for the edifice, when I see one of its principal pillars giving way.

The mode of dressing now adopted, which, under proper regulations, is both commodious and becoming, is now carried to such extremes, as to give a respectable woman the appearance of a licentious one; and when dress is so loose as to excite the public indignation, we cannot but have good grounds for believing, that the bonds of decorum are very likely to be slackened.

ON BEAUTY.

PERSONAL beauty may be reduced to four heads:—colour, form, expression, and grace.—Colours please by opposition, and it is in the face that they are more diversified and exposed: the reason why they please, arises less from their natural liveliness, and their being properly blended, than from the idea they present to the mind, of the perfect health of the object. The beauty of form includes the symmetry of the whole body, even to the turn of the eye-brows, or graceful flow of the hair; hence an union and harmony of all parts of the body is the general cause of beauty; and while the peculiar beauty of the female form is delicacy and softness, that of the male is apparent strength, or agility.

Expression is the effect of the passions on the muscles of the human countenance; and the different gestures, the finest union of the passions, is a just mixture of modesty and sensibility; indeed, all the benign affections, such as love, hope, joy, and pity, add to beauty; while the predominance of hatred, fear, or envy, in the mind, deform the visage.—Grace is the noblest part of beauty; the mouth is the chief seat of grace—the expressive beauty of the passions is principally in the eyes—there is no grace without motion, nor can impropriety be united with grace. Lord Bacon says, "in beauty, that of favour is more than that of colour; and that of gracious and decent motion more than that of favour." With regard to the final cause of beauty, our taste for regularity, order, and simplicity, contribute to our happiness; and, as beauty is frequently connected with utility, it is highly conducive to improvements in agriculture, architecture, and manufactures; it also concurs in an eminent degree with mental qualifications, in promoting social intercourse, and forming connections among individuals in society.

ANXIETY

IS that state of the mind in which it is uneasy about some future event; either from apprehension of danger, or a solicitude of being relieved from suspense. The causes of anxiety may be various, but in general they arise either from too long continued and forcible an impression of external objects, or a diseased state of the nerves, in which they are liable to be too powerfully affected by the usual action of such objects.

Dr. Arbuthnot appears to confound the cause with the effect of anxiety, when he advises to allow febrile patients troubled with anxieties, a warmer regimen after the cold fit is over; while he recommends spices as useful, because anxieties often happen by spasms, from wind. The futility of this advice is evident: for though aromatics, or carminatives, will undoubtedly afford a temporary relief from flatulency, yet the cause will not only remain, but even be more deeply rooted in the system, by this mode of treatment. A more effectual remedy for obviating the cause of anxiety, in a healthful state of the body, is, perhaps, the following: when persons of a settled age are too anxious in all their expectations and undertakings, it will only be necessary to enlighten their contracted minds, by teaching them to form a proper estimate of those things, which, in a moral point of view, are of little consequence to human happiness. Thus instructed, they will learn more reasonably to appreciate their own merits, and, by comparing these with the frequent failure of success in others, who have excelled them in virtuous as well as in useful deeds, they will gradually be enabled to reduce their own expectations to a proper standard.

ETIQUETTE IN SPAIN.

How many extravagancies has not etiquette given rise to in Spain! There is great reason to bewail them, when it

will be known that Philip the Third fell a victim to it. This prince, hardly recovered from a dangerous illness, was sitting by a chimney, in which the fire-lighter of the court had kindled such a quantity of wood, that the monarch was like to have been suffocated with the heat. His grandeur did not permit him to get up and call for help; the officers on duty had gone out of the way, and the servants durst not enter the apartment. At length the Marquis de Pobar appeared, whom the king ordered to extinguish the fire; but he begged to be excused, under the pretence that the etiquette forbade him doing such an office, for which it was necessary to call the Duke d'Ussede. The duke was out, and the flames increased: nevertheless the king chose rather to endure the heat, than to degrade himself. But he overheated his blood to such a degree, that the following day he had an erysipelas in his head, with violent paroxysms, which carried him off.

ANECDOTE.

A SCOTCHMAN and an Irishman were sleeping at an inn together. The weather being rather warm, the Scotchman in his sleep put his leg out of the bed. A traveller, in passing the room door, saw him in this situation, and having a mind for a frolic, gently fixed a spur upon Sawney's heel, who, drawing his leg into the bed, so disturbed his companion, that he exclaimed, "Arrah, my dear honey, have a care of your great toe, for you have forgot to cut your nails I belaiv." The Scotchman being sound asleep, and sometimes perhaps not a little disturbed by other companions, still kept scratching poor Teague, till his patience being quite spent, he succeeded in rousing Sawney; who, not a little surprised at finding a spur on his heel, loudly exclaimed, "the ostler has ta'en off my boots last night, and left on the spur."

ON INDULGENCE TO CHILDREN.

MR. FRANK FAIRPLAY presents his compliments to the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum, and, according to promise, encloses his friend's second letter on the inconveniences arising from the indulgence of children.

MY DEAR FRANK,

If it were not for the recreation of writing to a friend, my visit to the country would be insupportable. It is true, that I accepted the invitation in the hope that a few days country air, and a few evenings chat with my old friend, unmixed with that anxiety which a life of close application to business excites, might not only prove agreeable, but serviceable to me; yet, so it is, that my chamber is the most attractive place, and my pen and ink my best society. And yet my friend Mat is still the same; he is sociable and generous, and really an entertaining fellow, could one partake of his company alone; indeed, so methodical is he, that, let him take his pipe with whom he will, he seems to hold it a duty alternately to *whiff* and *talk*, to allow his companion an equal opportunity to *talk* and *whiff*. It is his notable partner whom I so dread to encounter: this worthy, indefatigable woman, has always something to do with one or other of the children, and it is in vain to hope for peace while within hearing of either; for, if the children are silent, she flies to the nursery to enliven them; wondering how a servant can suffer children to sit all day so dull, then chirping all the most horrid notes ever emitted by the *vox humanoe*, by way of teaching the nursery-maid how to sing to them; and, if they are crying, away she runs with a lump of sugar to quiet them, and scolds the servant, who "takes no better care of the little dears than to suffer them to scream their hearts out."

On the day following that on which I wrote to you, the eldest daughter, Miss Susannah, made her appearance, as

was expected; and a party had been asked for the next evening, to hear Miss Motherly's performance on the *piany;* her improvement in music being, as her mother said, "astonishing."—"Indeed, for her part, she never studied music; and it was lucky she did not, for she would never have found leisure for a single tune since her marriage, children take up so much of one's time," added she, looking at me. "They certainly do," I replied, "where mothers perform their duty;" and having thus complimented her, I thought I might venture to add a word or two more for my friend Mat, so thus continued—"but I look upon it, that, in the marriage state, there are other essential duties to perform, as well as devoting a considerable portion of one's time to one's children. For instance, I think, that a man who resigns all the amusements and attractions of a single life, and selects one woman from the thousands around him, on whom alone to bestow his lasting affection, deserves not only that woman's gratitude and obedience, but also that delightful kind of tenderness which displays itself in a series of little attentions, only to be dictated by conjugal love."—"And that is your opinion, Mr. Bachelor! mighty pretty! little attentions! Pray enumerate a few." I bowed, and continued.—"The attentions to which I allude, Madam, will readily occur to those who truly love the object of their choice; and though they may not appear of importance in description, they are truly so in reality. The man of business, whose mind and body are equally exerted through the day in the incessant employment of procuring comforts for his family, when he quits the desk, or the warehouse, for the parlour, looks for his reward in the smiles and endearing conversation of an affectionate wife. He loves his children, and if they are indulged by partaking their meals with him (when the presence of strangers may not render it improper,) there are opportunities sufficient for him to notice and caress them; but, surely it is the duty of a truly excellent wife to sweeten the last hours of the day for a husband, who, for

her sake, has devoted the preceding ones to care and anxiety." My friend rewarded me with smiles of approbation, during my short harangue; but *his rib either would not, or did not understand*, or else was so conscious of her sovereignty, that she did not fear my attempts to soften the rigours of her dominion.

In the country I have always observed, that tea is brought in at the rational hour of six; and our party arrived somewhat before, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Clacket, and their two nieces, Miss Mowbray and Miss Fugue. The former a clever sensible girl, the latter a complete musical lady in miniature; for whose opinion, by the bye, this visit was principally requested, as her cousin did not understand music; and her uncle and aunt either did not understand, or did not admire any thing, but a rubber at whist. There was also a Miss Evergreen, a maiden lady, perhaps a year or two on the other side of fifty. As they entered the room, the situation of things was nearly as follows:—Miss Susannah was at the piano, her mother attentively watching her, and *beating time*, in the most literal sense, as she frequently distanced the poor *bald mower*, (I beg Time's pardon) to the repeated vexation of her favourite daughter. Little Joe and Little Clara were pulling to pieces a parcel of flowers behind the door; I was finishing a play, and my friend Mat was dozing in his easy chair. Fast asleep he would have been, but occasionally interrupting the tune by a bass accompaniment, not of the most melodious kind, his daughter Susannah would now and then jog him, with —"La! papa! how you snore!" Mrs. Clacket, rushing into the room, was beginning a string of salutations, but, unfortunately, at her entreé, she threw back the door with such violence, as completely to knock down one of the children, and terribly pinch the fingers of the other. The piano was no longer heard; the children seemed to vie with each other in uncouth noises, and passionate screams; Mat jumped up in a fright, inclined to be angry, but did not know with whom, and I endeavoured to prevail on the

party to be seated; that arrangement being, in my opinion, the best preliminary to the restoration of order. A few sugar-plums soon quieted the children, who were sent up stairs, with the reluctant acquiescence of their mother, to a hint from my friend Mat, accompanied by a strict order to let them be brought down, *with the other two*, as soon as tea was over; "and now, Susannah," continued she, "go on with your tune, love: that *senatta*, or *sonetta*, what do you call it—you can finish it before tea, and begin another afterwards, you know." When tea was over, I was happy in the prospect of an opportunity to chat with the agreeable Miss Mowbray, who, though not a judge of music, and much averse to cards, had politeness enough to decline playing without offence to those who played, and good-nature enough to commend, without flattering, what she knew was attempted in the hope of exciting applause. But my prospect of satisfaction was transient, as indeed it had been ever since my departure from London: the anxious Mrs. Motherly, never easy but when busy, not contented with having formed a whist-party, and made Susannah begin a new sonata, insisted upon my playing at backgammon with my fair and interesting companion. In vain we each protested that we preferred looking at the whist-table, or listening to the music; the backgammon-table was brought, and we were forced to begin.

Mr. and Mrs. Clacket were partners against Mr. Motherly and Miss Evergreen; and for some time the noise of the room was pretty equally divided between the piano, the ladies' tongues, and the dice-box; but at length a circumstance occurred to introduce the following discourse, which I give you, as well as I can remember it, and with which I shall most probably be obliged to conclude my letter.

Mrs. Clacket.—Well, I vow I have lost a deal! how provoking!

Miss Evergreen.—Provoking to me, Ma'am; see what a delightful hand you have thrown me out of. Losing deal

is unpardonable; I never lost deal in my life. It is a severe trial of one's patience, indeed, to lose the playing such a hand as this.

Mrs. Clacket.—Nay, Ma'am! *my* hand, I think, is better: see, here are two honours and two small trumps, besides a king and two queens, and I know not what; why, Ma'am, I must have made four or five tricks with my own cards.

Miss Evergreen.—I cannot say that it appears so to *me*; but, however, give *me* the cards, Madam; it cannot *now* be helped, though ten to one but luck is turned by it.

[There happened to be only one pack of cards, and she dealt with equal ill-success.]

Mr. Motherly.—There, Miss Evergreen, you have turned luck back again.

Mrs. Clacket.—What, Ma'am! have you also lost deal! one would almost think you did it on purpose. What a hand is here; which, alas! must be thrown up.

Miss Evergreen.—Madam, I never lost deal in my life; there must be some mistake—I declare—I cannot think—I can't bear—pray count your cards, gentlemen. (I believe I felt a wicked kind of pleasure in her uneasiness at such a trifling event, for I rattled the dice with my utmost strength, and Miss Fugue, who was at the instrument, happening at that precise period to be playing the Fortissimo part in the Battle of Prague). I cannot think it possible that I should lose deal, unless, indeed, I was confused by those abominable dice, or that incessant strumming.

Miss Fugue. (With much pride).—Strumming! Miss Evergreen! Do not let your vexation get the better of your judgment: I should have thought that even *you* might have discovered some difference in the performance. It is a pity that you never learned to play any thing besides cards.—Sir, (turning to me,) I appeal to you; you seem to have been attentive: you are, I presume, a judge of music.—"Madam," said I, (delighted with an opportunity of availing myself of an old bachelor's privilege, to speak his mind), "I do *not* profess to be a judge of music. That

lady plays best, in my opinion, who plays immediately on being requested: plays with a moderate consciousness of her own abilities, and plays long enough to amuse, without tiring every body round her. In short, a young lady should not only know when to begin, but also when to *leave off*. Perhaps my opinion may differ from that of many in another particular. I have no doubt that your science is superior to Miss Susan's, and that if you were both destined to get your living by music, you might, perhaps, fare rather the best of the two; but, you must consider, that the end of your instruction is probably at most to attain the means of amusing a few friends, or of passing away an hour in an agreeable manner; and therefore," continued I, smiling at Susannah, "I receive an equal degree of pleasure from the endeavours of any good-natured young lady, who kindly offers to charm me with a little music; which, occasionally, I think extremely delightful."

"But what is your opinion of cards, Sir?" said Miss Fugue, frowning aside at Miss Evergreen.—"Madam," I replied, "cards I think *allowable* for an hour; custom has sanctioned the introduction of cards after tea, and if people can play at cards without losing *much* of their money, or *any* of their temper, I think they may be called a tolerable recreation; for my own part, I think backgammon a degree better, but I must candidly acknowledge, that I think the very best method of passing the intervening period between tea and supper, is, in summer, to enjoy the luxury of a moderate walk; and, in winter, to participate in the improving pleasure of rational conversation." Having received, what I interpreted "a smile of thanks," from Miss Mowbray, I prepared to receive the answers of my several antagonists; but the cause of the *lost deal* being discovered, drew the attention of the party another way.

The fact was, that little Joe had most *cunningly* (as his mother termed it,) secreted a card, with which, at the moment of discovery, he was indulging his younger companions, by a display of what is termed by children a *blue*

light; an experiment performed by holding, or rather frying, a certain quantity of *ink mixed with tallow*, on a card, over the flame of a candle; the sputtering noise of which process betrayed the young purloiner. As the crime was reckoned unpardonable by the two Amazonian whist-players, though overlooked by the indulgent Mrs. Motherly, you may easily imagine that the party soon dispersed, and I most gladly retreated to my chamber.

Adieu, my dear Frank, I long once more to see London; till when, believe me most truly and faithfully yours,

S. R. S.

THOUGHTS ON CELIBACY.

AMONG the numerous shapes of wretchedness and misery under which human nature presents herself to my mind, I find none more wretched and miserable than the condition of a *bachelor;* that name, like a tomb, is always surrounded with gloom; the very sound of it, like the cries of a solitary owl, wounds my heart, and fills my mind with ominous ideas.

Oh! how wretched must he be, who, rather than live and flourish in the bowers of connubial groves, wanders and pines beneath the cypress-like shade of single life! Wretched he, who toils along this road of woe, without the consoling help of a partner, to soften or to share the weight of his misery!

> "But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
> "Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
> "Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!"

Man had already been placed in the terrestrial paradise, where he reigned absolute sovereign, over an unbounded empire of pleasure and delight; yet, *it was not good for him to be alone:* even there something was wanted to his felicity; and it was but when the woman was created and

given to him, as the partner of his joys and the companion of his days, that he was, even in the eyes of his own Maker, deemed completely happy. If woman was the *last*, she was also the best of heaven's gifts. By her are endeared to us the blessings of existence, and the beauties of nature. Ever flowing source of a *delight* ever *new*, of a pleasure ever sweet, woman was kindly left to fallen man, as a compensation for the numerous evils attached to his mortal destiny.

The power of reproducing ourselves is a noble prerogative. By it we survive the dust of the grave; by it we almost become immortal on earth! Oh, sweet and consoling hope! eternal infamy light upon the slothful wretch, whom thou dost not animate with a wish of multiplying his species! The reproduction of beings is a necessary and primary law; all nature implicitly obeys it; the bachelor alone resists it. He defeats the very purpose of his creation; he shuns that which all nature seeks; and whilst the whole of this universe works, to give or preserve life, he seems to exist only to propagate death.

Oh, bachelor! blush to live inert and barren, in the midst of a world, where round thee life blooms on every bough, and shoots from under every step. Blush! for the Almighty himself came forth from the sanctuary of his holy repose, manifested his attributes in the glorious works of nature, and breathed a faint likeness of himself on the majestic face of man.

In the state of matrimony, the tender offices of a wife, the filial love of children, continually calls forth our dearest affections: by that practice of mutual kindness and gratitude, our heart naturally and gradually rises to an universal benevolence, it vibrates to the farthest point of the social horizon. Whereas in the state of celibacy, forsaken and forgot, our soul naturally contracts and narrows. Sensibility lays dormant for want of proper objects to awaken its power. Within the gloom that surrounds a single object, we become indifferent to every thing but to ourselves:

every avenue leading to our feelings is stopped; we are a link cut off from the chain of the living, and, like a tree whose dried roots can receive no nutriment from the surrounding ground, we lie a useless burthen on the earth that bears us.

The death of the bachelor is in every respect suitable to his wretched life. On that barren ground, which never was cheered by a ray of bliss, the bachelor suffers, and no heart re-echoes his groans! he calls, and no voice answers to sooth the tortures of his misery! Death strikes, and the hand of affection neither softens nor repels the blow! He is thrown into the grave, and the earth that covers his unpityed remains is neither ennobled by a monument of conjugal love, nor sanctified by the tears of filial piety!—The bachelor dies, and, like the wind that blows, leaves no trace behind him!—The bachelor is dead, and, worse than the dull weed that vegetates and perishes on our shores, sinks into the tomb, without leaving upon earth even a grain of his dust! N. FRAISINET.

FEMALE CONVENT IN RUSSIA.

FROM COXE'S TRAVELS.

LE Convent des Demoiselles Nobles, a seminary established for the education of the female nobility, is situated at the extremity of the suburbs of Alexander Neoski. The edifice, which is a large quadrangular building, was built by Elizabeth, and intended for a nursery; but was wisely converted to its present use by Catherine II. Her majesty has endowed it with a salary of 16,000l. per annum. It was first opened for the reception of children in 1764: the foundation is for 200 nobles and 240 citizens' daughters. To these the empress has added fifty supernumerary nobles, called pensioners; and Mr. Betskoi, the humane director of all these useful societies for education, supports forty burgesses at his own private expence. The girls are ad-

mitted between the age of five and six, and quit the seminary about eighteen. Formerly, the young ladies and the commoners were brought up in the same manner, without the least attention to their difference of rank and fortune; but this plan is wisely amended, and they now receive education more adapted to their respective situations in life. They are both divided into four classes. The first class is habited in white, the second in light brown, the third in green, and the lowest in chocolate. The dress of the burgesses is coarser than that of the young ladies: the first class of the latter wear also black handkerchiefs and green aprons; while the others are clothed entirely in white. The whole society learn reading, writing, accounts, and all sorts of needle-work. The young ladies are separately instructed in history and geography: they obtain also a grammatical knowledge of their native tongue, the French, German, and Italian languages; and receive lessons in dancing, music, and drawing, according to the bent of their genius. In the room of these accomplishments, the burgesses are employed in the management of household affairs; they prepare and wash their own linen, are taught to make bread, and are trained to the art of cookery. One of the apartments was hung with the designs, paintings, charts, geneological tables, and other trophies, of the ingenuity of the young ladies. Prizes are annually distributed among those who distinguish themselves: they consist chiefly of ribbands, which are worn in bows at their sides. On the day in which we visited this noble foundation, a hundred poor women dined in the hall, and were attended by the oldest members of the seminary. The young ladies distributed to each person a small silver coin and a few yards of linen. This ceremony was instituted to inculcate into their tender minds an attention to the poor, and a readiness to relieve human distress.

The quadrangular building contains an elegant theatre, in which the young ladies occasionally act plays. We were present at a representation, and were greatly entertained

with the performance. The theatre is an elegant circular room, neatly painted with trees, in the form of a landscape; and seemed capable of containing about 400 spectators. The pieces were, La Servante Maitresse and L'Oracle: both performed in the French tongue: the first by young ladies of about sixteen years of age, and the latter by those of about ten or twelve. Both parties acted with spirit, and displayed great propriety, both in their gesture and elocution. I was greatly astonished at the surprising purity with which they pronounced the French tongue. The representation was concluded by a ballet and various dances, adapted to the ages or strength of the several performers. The national dance was introduced. It is executed by two persons, who continue nearly on the same spot, but use a variety of actions with the arms, body, and head, while their shoulders are elevated and depressed in exact measure. It is expressive of a courtship; first languishing looks, coyness, refusal, and invitation, &c. and at last, after the two dancers have once or twice changed places, they make a couple of circles briskly, and conclude with an embrace.

After the play was a ball and supper, to which were admitted several of the nobility and foreign gentlemen, and a few of the cadets educated in a neighbouring seminary, founded on a plan similar to that of the Convent des Demoiselles Nobles. About twelve a collation was served upon several tables, at which parties promiscuously arranged themselves. As I was walking about the room, one of the young ladies observing a foreigner unprovided with a seat, quitted the table at which she was sitting, and politely invited me to make one of their company; an invitation I immediately accepted. I withdrew with the rest of the company, about two o'clock in the morning, highly delighted with the ease and innocent vivacity of my fair entertainers, whose politeness and affability bespoke the elegant spirit of the institution.

VIEW OF MODERN MANNERS.

[Concluded from page 290, Vol. IV.]

TO sum up the advantages we derive from the tillers of the soil being become men of erudition and science, we may observe the few following contrasts. Unlettered Hodge, the tenant of Sir John, it is true, did not raise his mind much beyond his plough and his cart; did not extend his views much farther than the concerns of his own parish; and, in very many instances, a neighbouring church, or market-town, or fair, was the widest range of his excursions, through the course of a long life; these peregrinations were performed on one of his cart-horses, with a sack, or wallet, under him, containing necessaries, which his wife, who rode on a pillion behind him, had purchased for the family. Hodge's successors are a very different race of men. They have rendered his plodding profession, for gentlemen and scholars, a scientific pursuit, calling botany, chemistry, and such like, to its aid, and rendering their terms familiar among the lowest rank of husbandmen; the *germ*, the principle of vegetation, *analization* of soils, with many other phrases, which honest Hodge never heard in his life. Instead of the narrow boundaries in which he moved, these excurse through every fashionable circuit, and extend their range to all the most fashionable resorts on every shore of the kingdom. His were performed on faithful Dobbin, the loved companion of his toil; theirs on gallant hunters, in curricles and tandems, drawn by blood horses, emulating the splendor of nobles and princes. I am not, I hope, moved with envy, at seeing the children of my plain old friends and neighbours moving in so elevated a sphere, and could indulge a good-natured smile, while I diverted a circle round a winter's fire, by drawing the comparison between the present occupiers of the soil and their grandfathers: but the sensations become too keen for pleasantry, when the following contrasts are forced

upon the attention at the same time. Hodge and his wife, both of them clad in home-spun, from head to foot, every article of their dress, except hat and shoes, being the produce of her and her daughter's labour, dwelt in a parish consisting of ten or twenty farms, of eighty acres each, occupied by twenty such families as his own, just able, by constant care and diligence, within doors and without, to pay rent and taxes, and procure for his family a comfortable supply of food and raiment, suitable to their situation. His descendant, splendidly attired and gallantly mounted, as observed before, parades through the same parish, among nineteen ruinated houses and wretched families, pale with hunger, and their children barefooted—a sight altogether new in England—because he has engrossed the twenty farms, and has acquired the power to hurt, by the general distress brought upon the once happy village. Who, one might ask, would not prefer Hodge's enjoyment of his simple cates, surrounded with the joyous villagers, cheerful, sportive, contented and loyal, to his descendant's luxury and profusion, environed with the tears of the poor and sighs of the needy? and these caused by the ability given him by his situation, and which he so inhumanly employs to bring calamity upon his country. But I cannot dismiss this branch of the subject, without a desultory remark or two on Horace's idea, in the above quotation, that we are about to resign the world to a race worse than ourselves; and this is likely to arise from the want of that care about the education of those who are to possess the world after us; which was so much the object of attention in the age before us.

It was observed before, what a pleasing image is presented to our minds by the lady of Sir John making it the prime object of her domestic management to train her lovely daughters, and, where the lady's rank admitted it, a gouvernante was admitted into the family, whose dragon-like watchfulness, by day and night, to guard the tender

charge through the period of new sensations and lively sensibilities, before judgment and experience had furnished them, or armed them, for the conflict with the other sex. And a young lady eluding these, and baffling their vigilance, forms a capital and favourite feature in our older comedies and romances, where they are drawn with the resemblance, and sometimes the very name of duennas, severe ugly old women, to whom the jealous husbands in Spain commit the constant guardianship of a young and beautiful wife. And, as "the shadow proves the substance true," these representations, however distorted to produce effect in a play, shew the care our forefathers, or, if I may say, foremothers, thought it necessary to exercise in the education of daughters. Could these excellent matrons have believed it possible that a generation, not more remote than their granddaughters, could have entrusted their offspring at that tender and critical age, both as to body and mind, their health and their manners, the laying the foundation of the future fabric of human comfort, to mercenaries, and this not under the anxious penetrating eye of maternal tenderness, to boarding-school mistresses, and their inexperienced assistants, at distances generally remote from the parents' residence; it being now become a maxim, the farther the better; and I think that if, as it is always allowed, wisdom is manifested in proportion as any measure tends to accomplish the end designed, the present modes of education are wise; for, in the first place, if children were educated so near home as to admit a daily, or weekly, return to the bosoms of their parent, the natural and probable consequence would be the cultivation and growth of the sweet affections, and delicious intercourse of the relationship of nature, the "charities of father, son, and brother," of mother, daughter, sister, of attachment to the native vale, love of neighbours, early and durable friendships, and the true *Amor Patriæ*. But the object being a general relaxation, or rather dissolution, of those ties

of consanguinity and patriotism, to aggrandize families, and push their fortune; to live dispersed and scattered; this end cannot be better accomplished than by the method just adverted to; for this way children at once learn to forget house and kindred, and are prepared to return to them as strangers; and parents get rid of the thousand anxieties which belong to the training up a family of children in the way they should go; of the solicitudes of watching their health through the trying period of their growth, when carelessness and thoughtlessness is the very characteristic of their age: and, in addition to this, they are put under the care of those whose interest it is not to be in haste to inform parents of their declining health; and whose care in guarding them from corresponding with their parents, till the governess has judged what was proper for them to write, stops every avenue of information. And yet health will, by almost every one, be allowed to be a subordinate consideration to laying a foundation for the future conduct in life. This also is the period for planting principles, for teaching prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. And here I cannot forbear putting in a plea for honest nature, and appealing to the consciences of parents for the justice of the two following observations.—1. Nature, which term I use for its author, that I may not give a religious cast to a disquisition of this kind, has wonderfully combined together healthiness of body and healthiness of mind, both in making the same things generally subservient to each, and also in appointing, or ordaining, one period of life, which we distinguish by the term youth, to be that wherein both must engross the whole attention of instructors; and this may excite still greater astonishment, that it should become almost universal for mankind to commit this term in the lives of their offspring to those whose sole view is to make gain, or get a splendid livelihood; many of whom we now see, riding in their own carriages, availing themselves of the luxury

of the times, which is such, that into almost every house we enter we must attend to a long detailed account of the various preceptors miss or master has had, with an evident exultation in proportion as the expence was great. But, to return from this short digression, to the connection between a virtuous education and health, it will be very obvious, and correspond with every ones experience, that acts of imprudency, injuries to others, stubbornness, disobedience to parents, and such like, produce perturbation of mind, hurtful to health and growth, and tend to destroy that sunshine of the soul, that happy innocent thoughtlessness, which distinguishes the period of youth from the following ones of man's life.—2. That nature is a faithful guide, and cannot be imposed upon by human contrivance. I have now in view the segregation of the two sexes in boarding-schools; which appears to me a most abominable practice. The works of an author, who has written much on education, betrays the disgusting secret, while endeavouring to commend his own attention and care over the moral conduct of boys; of the indelicacies and improprieties abounding where such numbers are brought together, and lodged in wards, or common bed-rooms; and some late prosecutions of the venders of obscene prints have, as it were, accidentally brought to the knowledge of the world, that the case is not better in the receptacles designed to be, as it is pretended, the impregnable defences of female innocence, the nurseries from which a transplantation of a wife and mother is to be made into every family in the kingdom, above plebeian rank; here will be the accomplishment of Horace's *Progemim vitiosiorem* with a witness, if indeed it can enter into man's heart to conceive a more vicious race than one composed of parents, of fathers and mothers, who, divesting themselves of every honourable and worthy feeling of nature, expose the sweet age of innocence, the period of impressions, to the accumulated depravity drawn out of such a multitude of fami-

lies, whose manners, many of them perhaps are such in their inattention to their children, in leaving them to the care of servants, and to be witnesses to the indecencies too common among that portion of society, as would prevent them from suffering their children from passing a single afternoon with the children of such a family; and yet give them up for a series of years, at great distances, to be companions at bed and board with they know not whom: where, if there should be only one of a depraved cast, or vitiated by example, the whole mass becomes corrupted. The following reasoning will, I apprehend, appear just, to the lovers of order, and the happiness of society:—As there is no idea of chastity which can be formed in the mind beyond it, so there is no situation in life in which it is carried to its proper pitch, or placed upon its proper basis, but in the great ordinance of nature, the connection formed between one man and one woman, and inviolably adhered to, which is called marriage*; so every subordinate degree of it, all the decencies among the human race, flow from the intercourse, or mingling of the sexes, not their separation in society. So in the ordinary course of things, we see them both brought into the world in a way that necessarily mingles them in the most intimate intercourse, as brothers and sisters. And here, I apprehend, we shall find the next degree of purity to that of the married pair, as it has its seat in the breast, where this relation subsists; as it appears, and is felt, in a family where love and harmony reigning between the parents, the benign influence has shed itself upon their offspring, and fostered the implantation of nature, till it has brought forth goodly

* The way in which Milton has written on this subject is known to every one; an author, of whom Dr. Johnson, no way partial to Milton, says, that his whole works contain no idea that can pollute the reader's mind. I am always peculiarly delighted with the term virgin, applied to Eve, after her connection with Adam "The virgin majesty of Eve."

fruit. Here, then, the most cordial endearments, with the most familiar intercommunity, through the slippery period of youth and beauty, reign with the utmost purity *, and a brother is often found a more vigilant guardian of a sister's virtue than parents. If we step over the threshold of the domestic inclosure into the world, we shall find that the two sexes, acting under the eye of each other, is that which keeps society upon its right basis, preserves a due respect for each other and for themselves, is the source of cleanliness, decent words and actions, gallant behaviour and generous protection towards the other sex in men; of modesty, and every sweet attractive grace, in women. All which, the separation, or seclusion, in nunneries and boarding-schools, tends to destroy, and being an outrage upon the established order of nature, defeats its own end; being calculated to awaken improper ideas, by leading to reflections on the why, or wherefore, of the separation, and so bring on an early contemplation of the difference of sexes, more pernicious to internal purity, than the innocent thoughtless simplicity of childhood and youth, when left to itself, without unnatural restraint; and left to the innate strong guard of modesty, with which nature has fenced female virtue, and this converted into armour of proof, where it has received its training under a domestic roof, where no immodest action or language, having the remotest allusion to indecency, were ever seen or heard.—How often have I witnessed the effect of such education, after having been brought up in the most familiar intercourse with suitable friends and neighbours, till arrived at mature years, if happening to fall into company where indelicate words were made use of, they glided over the ear as a child's ball does from a polished marble pillar, making no impression, because not understood. Happy simplicity! and a proof, at the same time, of the deep root nature has

* And even the unclean historian, Gibbon, felt the force of this, as appears in the Memoirs of his own Life.

given to modesty in a female breast, and what it may produce under a mother's fostering care, without separating the two sexes; and it is a subject well understood by the experienced debauchee, that none fall so easy a prey as those who, by injudicious mothers, have been watched and guarded, and taught to regard man as contagious, which, in effect, renders him so to female innocence, as just observed.

Nearly allied to this subject, *i. e.* how the manner of our training the youth of both sexes is calculated to render the succeeding generation worse than ours, is the prevalence of a custom, which is nearly becoming general, taking what is called out-door apprentices. The good old idea of apprenticing was, that a master came in the place of a parent; that he was a kind of foster-father, taking upon him a high degree of responsibility, with respect to conduct and manners; and parents were sedulously anxious into whose hands they committed the care of a child, during the period in which he was not only to receive the knowledge in business, on which his prospects in life were to depend, but also the formation of manners needful to render him a useful member of the community; a comfort to his own, and beneficial to society. Let us examine how these ends are to be accomplished on the fashionable plan. —If a youth comes from the country, which is the most common, board and lodging must be provided at a distance from his master's house. The master has no care nor thought about him, except what is dictated by mere selfishness—care, that he is at his work at proper hours. Thus we see the youth, from the age of fourteen to twenty-one, the third septennium, according to the division in the old popular song, called the Age of Man, the most critical period, when passions are at once new and strong, reason weak, and experience nothing, given up to the guidance of his own discretion; turned out of the house, where the avarice of his master may have detained him till nine, ten, often a much later hour at night, to saunter through the,

streets towards his lodging, when regular families are withdrawn from the streets, and now "wander forth the sons of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine;" when prostitutes swarm in every corner, and the indecent scenes, connected with their appearance, catch the attention of the unwary youth, not yet taught to regard them as objects of disgust. As, after the young man is once seduced from the paths of rectitude, a regard to truth will be weakened in the mind; he will be tempted to cover any irregularity in his hours at his lodgings, by saying his master's business had detained him longer than usual; and as his time is spent between two persons, who have no view but to the gains they make of him—one by his labour, the other by his board and lodging—he will probably escape detection, till such vicious habits are established as render his case remediless. While we may well stand astonished at parents, who give up the first seven years of their offspring to a nurse, the second to a boarding-school, and the third to such a master; some portion of our surprise will devolve upon the master himself, who, perhaps a husband and a father, thus openly shakes off the high responsibility with which he stands chargeable to the parents and society.—To society, for the injury done it in giving it a depraved citizen, and the benefits it might have received from his forming hand having produced a worthy man.—To the individual, to the apprentice himself, for the comforts he might have enjoyed, had he been such; and the miseries of his future life, the sure consequences of the vicious habits he has acquired.—To say nothing of the transgression against that high authority, which required him to act towards another man's child, as he would wish should be done towards his own, in similar circumstances*.

*To which may be added, his foregoing the noble satisfaction of enlarging the sphere of his beneficence, and securing the present attachment and veneration, the future gratitude and friend-

The reason assigned for this pernicious custom is, "My wife does not like to have an apprentice in the house;" that is, luxury has advanced so far, that citizens' and tradesmens' wives cannot bear any interruption to their irregular hours; cannot attend to what belongs to the management of their own family, much less take the care of providing and caring for any additions to it. Were, therefore, apprentices to be provided for in the master's house, as formerly, he would be classed with the servants; and though probably of a family equal, or superior, to that of his master, must learn the manners by which he is to adorn a respectable, perhaps a conspicuous station, in a kitchen. This cannot be submitted to, and therefore the only resource which remains is that mentioned above; under the baneful effects of which many families are now suffering, and many more must be added to the catalogue of profligate sons and broken-hearted parents; their grief surely not alleviated by the reflection that they have, under the corrupt influence of fashion, contributed to the ruin of their child, by exposing his inexperienced years to temptations, in which not one in a thousand is likely to come off victorious.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. VI.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THIS celebrated Romance writer has for several years discontinued her efforts for the amusement of the public.—"The Romance of the Forest,"—"The Italian," and the "Mysteries of Adolpho," are universally read and admired: in this peculiar department none have ever excelled, or equalled her.

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ship, of the youth committed to his care; which have often been productive of the most beneficial fruits and lasting friendships between the families.

MRS. ROCHE

Is a pleasing novellist—"The Children of the Abbey," —"The Maid of the Hamlet," and "Clermont," are much admired; her other productions are possessed of equal merit.

MRS. ROBINSON.

This charming sentimental writer is now no more; her works fascinated the imagination, even in despite of the judgment. There was a wildness of invention in all her productions, which set probability at defiance; yet the exuberent elegance of her language, the embellishment of most beautiful poetry, and the sweetly plaintive style in which she wrote, gave to her works a degree of celebrity, which, in the opinion of sober judgment, they were undeserving of.—"Vancenza, or The Dangers of Credulity,"—"Hubert de Sevrac,"—"The Young Widow,"—"Memoirs of Mary," and "Walsingham," are her most celebrated productions.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH*.

This unfortunate and persecuted lady, whose death has been lately announced, was the author of several well-written novels; among these are, "Desmond,"—"Old Manor House,"—"Wanderings of Warwick,"—"Montalbert,"—"The Banished Man,"—"Marchmont,"—"Romance of Real Life,"—"Celestina," and "The Young Philosopher." A degree of gloominess pervades some of these pieces, the consequence of long continued mental sufferings; but the language is correct and energetic, and they boast superior excellence to the general run of novels.

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* For a more circumstantial account of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, see our Biography, Vol. II. Old Series, page 337.

MR. SURR

Has greatly increased his literary reputation, by the publication of a satirical novel, entitled "A Winter in London;" in which several characters of fashionable celebrity are rather freely treated. Allowing every degree of merit to the composition, in point of spirit, ingenuity, and interest, we cannot but express our disapprobation of such productions. If the ashes of the dead are to be raked up by every anecdote hunter, and the feelings of living relatives wounded by the recapitulation of every domestic error, exaggerated by *kitchen scandal*, the work, which establishes its claim to popularity on such a disgraceful basis, merits not the name of a novel, but becomes a libel. Mr. Surr is, we well know, capable of better things, and it is only when he aims at being "witty at the expence of good-nature," that he subjects himself to the censure of every reflecting mind. His "Splendid Misery," contains a faithful picture of high life, and is not liable to any of the preceding objections.—"George Barnwell," by the same author, is a pleasing pathetic tale.

MR. SIDDONS

Is the author of some popular novels,—"Maid, Wife, and Widow,"—"St. Leon,"—"Virtuous Poverty," and "William Wallace," are from his pen. They are written with elegance, and reflect credit on Mr. Siddons as a writer, and a man of unimpeachable morals.

MADAME DE STAEL.

If a refined imagination, cultivated mind, and soul awake to the tenderest sensibilities, can impart a charm to literary compositions, this lady is indeed fully qualified to charm: by the magic of her pen she fills the mind with emotions almost too powerful; and if critical judgment must cavil, it is because she writes too well.—Her "Delphine," exhibits a melancholy picture of the miseries resulting from a disregard of established forms and local prejudices; and con-

tains an interesting amplification of a sentence written by the celebrated Madame De Genlis, "Do not say that you despise public opinions; modesty alone ought to render them respectable in the eyes of women. To brave opinion is an indecency—to appear overwhelmed by it is a weakness—you can hardly speak of it with dignity." In her last work, "Corinna," she endeavours to inculcate the same principles, through the medium of a most interesting series of events, in the course of which the heroine, though placed at the summit of mortal fame, surrounded with admirers, and raised to imaginary immortality by the enthusiastic worshippers of female talents, sinks into the most abject state of mental wretchedness, through the neglect of those useful acquisitions, which are indispensible in domestic life; and the peculiar characteristic of an English woman. Amidst the most sublime descriptions of Roman greatness, Italian luxury, and Venetian stateliness, the fair author contrives, with peculiar address, to compliment our happy country; and draws a lively contrast between those scenes which dazzle the imagination, and those which sooth and gratify the virtuous breast.

MRS. WEST

Has written several excellent novels, among which, "A Tale of the Times,"—"The Infidel Father," and "Letters to a Young Man on his Entrance into Life," are the most celebrated. Their language is unaffected and perspicuous; her incidents occur naturally, and the purest morality dictates every sentiment.

MISS WILLIAMS.

To this lady we are indebted for an elegant translation of that beautiful tale, "Paul and Virginia,"—some admired letters on the subject of the French Revolution,—"A Tour in Switzerland," and a volume of elegant Poems. Her literary talents have been long held in high estimation by the public.

MR. WALKER

Is the author of some ingenious romances; those who admire such productions, will find ample gratification in the perusal of "Don Raphael," and "The Three Spaniards."—Mr. W. has also written a pleasant novel, called the "Vagabond," which contains some pleasant ridicule of the new philosophy.

MISS MARIA JULIA YOUNG

Has lately entered her name among the candidates for literary fame.—"Mosscliff Abbey," and a few other novels by this lady, have been received with approbation.

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*MR. LATHORN

Is the author of several ingenious novels.—"Mystery,"—"Men and Manners,"—"Impenetrable Secret,"—"Mysterious Freebooter,"—"Very Strange, but very True,"—"Erestina,"—"Unknown, or Northern Gallery," and several others, have met with well merited success.

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*MR. LATHY

Is the author of that celebrated novel, "The Paraclete," a work unexceptionable, in point of composition and moral,—"The Invisible Enemy,"—"Inflexible Uncle," and two satirical romances, "The Rising Sun," and "The Misled General," are also by this gentleman. The former of these, however, throws no *new light* on an old subject, and has little to recommend it in preference to his other works; though it has met with unprecedented success.

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* The names of these gentlemen having been accidentally omitted in the alphabetical order, are inserted here.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

QUEENHOO-HALL,

A ROMANCE, BY JOSEPH STRUTT, ESQ.

Published by Murray, Fleet Street.

WE have perused, with great pleasure, the interesting pages of this work, which contain a lively and well-detailed picture of ancient customs. The scene of the narrative is laid in the neighbourhood of Tewin, in Hertfordshire, which was distinguished as the scene of many charitable and benevolent actions of the worthy author. The incidents are related with all the simplicity of native genius, devoid of that pedantic affectation which we meet with in too many modern romances. We are informed, in the preface, that the manuscript was left unfinished by the late Mr. Strutt; it would, however, be an unpardonable omission in us, were we not to mention, that the editor has acquitted himself in a manner highly creditable to his talents, and supplied with skill and taste every deficiency in the original. We cannot do greater justice to the work, than by giving the following extract, as a specimen of the style and interest of the tale*:—

"The next day the Lady Matilda arose at an early hour; she had slept but little, her mind being agitated by the events of the preceding afternoon. Perceiving the morning to be exceedingly serene and beautiful, she called to her cousin, who slept in an apartment which communicated with her own, and desired to know if a walk before breakfast would be agreeable.—"The sky," said she, "is unclouded; the little birds are singing in the thickets; and

* Should a second edition of this romance be published, of which we have little doubt, we would recommend the addition of a glossary, as many of the words which occur must be unintelligible to the generality of readers.

every thing that is charming in rural retirement invites us abroad."

"With all my heart," replied the Lady Eleanor; "it is indeed a delightful morning, and I have been awake some time listening to the notes of a thrush that is carolling in the garden, not far removed from my window."

"When they were prepared for their excursion, the baron's fair daughter proposed a visit to the Park Lodge.—"I put," said she, "a mantle of *sendal* into the hands of the ranger's daughters when I left Tewin, in order that it might be embroidered by them; I do not indeed suppose they can have completed the work by this time, but I am desirous of seeing what progress has been made: the border, my dear cousin, consists of a running sprig, embellished with foliage and flowers, and the pattern was designed and drawn by myself."

"I know," returned the lady Eleanor, "you draw very finely; and as I have never seen this pattern, I will readily accompany you thither."

"You are a flatterer, my cousin, and greatly over-rate my poor abilities," said Matilda, blushing: "the design has nothing uncommon to recommend it; but you shall see it with all its faults." So saying, they proceeded to Parker the ranger's habitation.

"Upon their arrival, the Lady Matilda was much surprised to find the embroidery upon the mantle not only completed, but the work was executed in a manner superior to the young women's usual performances. The Lady Eleanor declared, that she knew not which deserved the greatest praise, the elegancy of the pattern, or the excellency of the needle-work.—"This diligence ought to be rewarded," said the baron's fair daughter. And putting her hand into a *gipsire* hanging from her girdle, she drew out an angel of gold, which she presented to the eldest girl, desiring her to share it with her sisters.

"Certes," quoth the damsel, courtseying, as she received

the money, "this guerdon exceeds our poor deservings; the work, so please your ladyships, you deem so quaintly wrought, is purfled by one more couthful at the needle than we be."

"And who is this excellent work-woman?" returned the lady.

"She is a stranger," answered the girl.

"When Dame Alice, her mother, interfering, said, "And such a stranger—may our holy lady protect her! she looks like an angel sheen. Certes, excepting yourself and the Lady Eleanor, I have not seen her peregal; nor shall I see it in twenty parishes, I trow."

"You much astonish me," replied the Lady Matilda; "inform me, I beseech you, who she is, and how she became your guest."

"Dame Alice resumed her speech with these words: "I remember well, upon the vigil of Saint Thomas the blessed martyr of Kent, Sir John our curate arreaded us, that evil hap betides the best of folks; sithence the holy saints have had their tines and and their tosts, and we ought not to be abashed by selcouth fortune; albe, it is a shrewd evil stour when so charming a rose-bud, so gent a damozel, so noble a lady, is buffeted at hood-man blind by a naughty world."

"You call her a lady, and tell us she is noble," said the baron's fair daughter, interrupting the old woman: "hence, I presume, she claims the privilege of rank and ancestry."

"And soothlich to sayen," rejoined Dame Alice, "they are her due, and with them large estates; but right is oft impeached by might, and so the poor chicken is pilled of its barley." At this instant, the sound of a lute was heard. —"She is going to carol," continued the good dame; "her window is open, and your ladyships may hear her better in the porch." The young ladies went thither; and after a short prelude, the stranger sang the following verses to a very plaintive tune:—

To thee, O soul-possessing power,
Sad Melancholy, shall belong
The thoughts that fill each wakeful hour,
And day by day my hopeless song.

But why—when unawares I close
These eyelids, overpress'd with grief,—
Am I a stranger to repose,
And find not in my sleep relief?

For then terrific visions rise;
On precipices steep I stand;
And, falling, cast around my eyes
For help,—but find no helping hand.

In wild affright, perchance I hear,
Arous'd from sleep, the midnight bell:—
With horror chill'd, I drop a tear,
And cry,—It is my Henry's knell!

"She ceased, and the admiration of the ladies was much increased; for both of them declared they had never heard the lute more skilfully touched, nor more sweetness and delicacy of vocal expression exerted, than in the performance of this plaintive lay. Their curiosity was redoubled to learn her name and family; but the renewal of their enquiries was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the fair musician herself. She came hastily into the room, with the intention of speaking to the Park-keeper's eldest daughter; when her eyes meeting those of the young ladies, she blushed, and, courtseying, besought them to pardon her intrusion; "for indeed," said she, "I did not know that my good dame was engaged with such noble visitants."

"She was about to withdraw; but Lady Eleanor prevented it, by taking hold of her hand: and having assured her that no apology was necessary, she said, "Permit me, my dear lady, to introduce you to the Lady Matilda, daughter of Lord Boteler."

"The lovely stranger courtseyed a second time; and Matilda, with great affability returning her politeness, begged to be favoured with her acquaintance; telling her, at the same time, how much herself and her cousin had been delighted by the air and music they had just now overheard.

"The fair stranger blushed at the commendation, and modestly replied; "Indeed, ladies, I was altogether unconscious that I had any other hearers than those of this good family, who never interrupt me, or I should have forborne my complaining, and sighed in silence."

"I am therefore exceedingly glad," returned the baron's daughter, "that our visit was unknown to you, not only because it would have deprived us of the entertainment we have already received, but also because it might have lost us the opportunity of soliciting your acquaintance." The stranger replied with great propriety, and accompanied her speech with such elegancy of deportment, that the ladies were convinced the good Dame Alice had not by any means over-rated her merit; they therefore entreated her to accompany them to Queenhoo-hall, and partake of the morning refreshment. She made some difficulty respecting her dress; but the ladies would admit of no excuse, and pressed her with so much importunity, that she was necessitated to comply with their request.

"The Lady Matilda and her lovely cousin varied the conversation, on purpose to give their fair visitor an opportunity of displaying her abilities. She answered the serious subjects proposed by the baron's daughter on the one hand, and as readily replied to the lively railleries of her more volatile cousin on the other; but at intervals a gloominess overspread her countenance, and, notwithstanding the efforts she made to conceal it, manifested a mind depressed with sorrow: yet the excellency of her understanding, improved by a finished education, displayed itself upon every occasion that called for its exertion.

"After the little party had participated in the morning

repast, the sports of the preceding day became the subject of their discourse; and the Lady Eleanor, addressing herself to the lovely stranger, enquired if she had been present at them. The young lady replied in the negative; adding, "A long succession of misfortunes has alienated my mind from the scenes of tumultuous joy, and solitude is best suited to a broken spirit. I became a voluntary housekeeper; my services were thankfully accepted, and the whole family were spectators of the pastimes. I am indeed informed that several unexpected incidents took place, and prolonged the pleasures of the day."

"Your information is perfectly correct," returned the Lady Eleanor. "We had a savage from Fairy-Land, an unknown chevalier to overthrow him, and a justing well performed in honour of the ladies."

"I also heard," said the stranger, "that the Lady Matilda was proclaimed SOVEREIGN OF THE MAY, and inaugurated with a golden chaplet, embellished with jewels."

"Such was in truth the fact," returned Eleanor; "and as you was not upon the Green at the presentation of this splendid ornament, you shall see it here."

"I beseech you, my cousin," said Matilda, blushing, and gently retaining her by the skirt of the supertunic; "I beseech you sit down, and let us change the subject; such fooleries do not bear the repetition."

"Say no more about it," answered Eleanor, withdrawing her garment; "the lady shall positively see the chaplet, and I am confident she will agree with me—that it is a very pretty foolery." So saying, she quitted the room, and returned in a few minutes, holding the jewel in her hand. —"Do you not think, my dear lady," said she, addressing herself to the guest, that this costly garland indicates the munificence, at the same time that it proves the gallantry of the chevalier, who presented it to my cousin?"

"The moment the fair stranger set her eyes on the chaplet, the blood forsook her cheeks, and she was much

agitated; but when Lady Eleanor presented it to her, she drew back with horror, and pushing it aside with her hand, exclaimed, in great agony of mind, "Oh, blessed Lady! Mother of God, protect me!—The man who possessed that chaplet is a murderer—is Darcy's murderer!" So saying, she closed her eyes, and falling back upon her seat, she fainted.

"The Lady Matilda and her cousin were much alarmed by the effect the sight of the chaplet had produced on their fair visitor; and their uneasiness, as well as their astonishment, was considerably augmented by the dreadful import of her exclamation: they hastened to her assistance, but life appeared to be totally suspended; they summoned the female attendants, and ordered the house physician to be called; no remedies usually applied on such occasions were omitted, and the stranger was recovering from her swoon when the physician entered the room. He found the young ladies much terrified; but, after he had examined the pulse of the patient, he relieved them from their anxiety, by assuring them she was not in the least danger: finding her, however, extremely languid, which he thought might arise from the depression of her spirits, he ordered her to be put into a warm bed, and kept as quiet as possible for a few hours. Every thing was performed in perfect consonance with his direction; and Matilda, attended by her charming cousin, sat by the bed-side, and watched the convalescence of the sorrowful fair one. Observing she was fallen into a sweet sleep, which was likely to prove exceedingly beneficial, they withdrew themselves as quietly as possible to the next chamber, in order that she might not be disturbed; when Matilda, whose heart was full, burst into tears, saying, "This glittering bauble," for the chaplet was deposited upon a table there, "is certainly the fabrication of some evil-minded artificer, made under the influence of malignant planets, and contrived to diffuse a succession of troubles and vexations to its unfortunate pos-

sessors. So bless me, sweet Lady Virgin, as I wish I had never seen it!"

"No doubt," answered her cousin, "there are some wonderful circumstances involved in the history of this jewel; but do not, therefore, make yourself uneasy: whatever a future discovery may produce, you cannot possibly be thereby affected; and perhaps the whole of this misadventure arises from a mistake,—two chaplets may be made so nearly alike as to deceive the eye, and especially upon so slight a glance; for the lady had no opportunity of examining the ornament, nor did she even take it into her hands."

"To this the baron's fair daughter replied, "Perhaps it may be so;" and, heaving a deep sigh, she added, "I hope it will prove so; but, at all events, I feel myself interested in favour of this unfortunate stranger—her youth —her beauty—her good sense and polished deportment, are irresistible advocates in her behalf. She speaks of murder, and, if I mistake not, mentioned the name of Darcy; surely her troubles are no common ones. If you, my dear cousin, will wait here to assure her of our protection when she awakes, I will return to the Lodge; her family and connections appear to be known to the ranger's wife, and I cannot sit down, with the least satisfaction to myself, until I am acquainted with them." The Lady Eleanor, equally desirous of knowing somewhat relative to the history of their visitor, approved the design of her cousin, and promised, on her part, not to be neglectful. The Lady Matilda had reached the hall, when a loud rapping at the gate called her attention thitherward, and the arrival of Lord Edward Boteler, her father, prevented the intended excursion."

CRITICAL ESSAYS

ON THE PERFORMERS OF THE LONDON THEATRES.

By the Author of the "Theatrical Criticisms," in the weekly Paper called The News.

TO the admirers of the drama this elegant little volume must prove highly acceptable—the criticisms are judicious, and wholly divested of ill-nature, or prejudice. It is true, that opinions are various with respect to the merits of public performers; but fancy and judgment are words of very dissimilar import. There are many, who through a partial bias in favour of a particular actor, can see no merit in the performance of another, even though that other should strike out new beauties in a part which his predecessor, through an habitual method, and the certainty of regular applause, may act with calm indifference.—It is to correct such prejudice, that the author of these criticisms exerts his most strenuous efforts; and though we do not advise any one to "pin his faith on another man's sleeve," we cannot but recommend this judicious critic as a guide to dramatic judgment, whose opinions have both sound sense and refined taste to conduct them.

As his opinions on private theatricals form an instructive part of the work, we think we shall render a service to some of our juvenile readers, as well as their parents, by transcribing a few detached observations on the subject.—Speaking of Miss Pope, who derived the first principles of dramatic skill from an academic theatre, he says—"Such a stage can never supply that observation of life, which is one of the first requisites towards the representation of men and manners. It is evident too, that however excellently children may perform, considered as children, they can never personate a more advanced age; and even if they could contrive to imitate men, they would merely disgust us the more, because they were no longer children. Of what service then is a juvenile theatre? Why, it hurts the

health of children, by forming them into bad hours—it hurts their minds, by giving them a premature knowledge of seducing vices—it takes away, in short, that lovely simplicity, whose greatest charm is its inexperience, and without which childhood becomes a mere effort at manhood, contemptible for its want of power, and infinitely more so for its want of modesty.—If Miss Pope has escaped all this, it is owing to that excellent sound sense, which has taught her to avoid the most common errors of her profession. But what has become of all the other persons educated in this manner? If their early habits are not sufficient to make them fit for the stage, they will, at the same time, render them unfit for almost every other profession. And what is to become of those, especially if they are females, whose very passion for bustle has made them indolent, and for reading, unwise? I do not speak from momentary consideration, for I have eagerly sifted the subject before. —There was an attempt, last year, to establish in this metropolis, what was called an Academic Theatre; its proprietors, some of whom were fathers of the children, instructed the infant performers in the most iniquitous plays of our degraded wits*; and it will ever be the honest pride of my heart, that, by the confession of these very men, its dissolution was materially owing to the ridicule of The News."

We are sorry that the limits of our publication will not admit of our giving a more ample specimen of the merit of this little volume, which will be found, on perusal, to contain a fund of amusement and instruction.

* As an instance of this, we may relate a fact, which came within the scope of our own knowledge: a pastoral Drama, written purposely for the theatre, was sent to Mr. W—n, and rejected, on account of one character, who had been the victim of a pretended marriage, as unfit for juvenile performers; and, on the following night, was announced for representation, The Stranger!

A TALE.

A YOUNG gentleman, descended from a good family, but whose estate was very much incumbered by the mismanagement of his parents, was on the point of retrieving his misfortunes by a marriage with a young lady, who, besides eight thousand pounds in her own possession, was the only child of one of the most wealthy merchants in Bristol.

The courtship between them had been kept extremely secret; the lady had made no one her confidant in the affair: the gentleman had observed the same caution, till, a few days before that which she had appointed for the consummation of their mutual wishes, he imparted the secret of his approaching happiness to a friend, from whom he had never concealed any thing.

This person had a wife, whom he tenderly loved, and whose integrity he doubted not; he knew she wished the happiness of his friend, and that she would rejoice to hear of the good fortune he was so near enjoying, therefore communicated the secret to her almost as soon as he was informed of it himself; but charged her, at the same time, to make no mention of the affair till it should be concluded, which she faithfully promised.

It proved, however, that her mind had not that retentive quality her too fond husband imagined:—A young lady of her acquaintance happening to visit her that same day, and some discourse on the ill situation of the intended bridegroom's affairs coming on the tapis, the wife could not forbear crying out, "Well, well, we shall soon see him redeem all."—"How?" eagerly demanded the other.—"By a marriage with some great fortune," replied she.—"Marriage!" resumed the young lady, "it must be then with some worn out harridan, the relict of four or five husbands, now rotting in their graves; or a toothless virgin of fourscore, at her last prayers."—"Neither of these, I can assure you," said the wife; "but a blooming young creature of scarce eighteen, with a fortune of eight thou-

sand pounds in her own hands, and heiress to one of the top merchants in Bristol."—"You amaze me," replied the other; "pray who is it?"—"You must excuse me from that, my dear," answered she, "I am enjoined secresy; but I can tell you the wedding will be celebrated in a few days, and then all will come out; in the mean time I leave you to guess."

After what she had said, the other could not be much at a loss to discover the person she was speaking of; and, after a short pause, cried out, "You certainly must mean Miss ———; the description you give corresponds with no other person in this town."—"You are in the right," replied she; "but be sure you tell no person."

Little did this unhappy wife imagine to whom she had divulged such a secret: for greater enemies could not exist than this young lady and the intended bridegroom. She therefore, through revenge, immediately sent an anonymous letter to the father of the young lady about to be married, and acquainted him with the whole story of his daughter's intended marriage.—The old gentleman was equally surprised and enraged; he searched his daughter's cabinet, and found numerous billets and letters, which confirmed the truth of the advice he had received. He immediately locked the young lady in her chamber, suffering no one to come near her, but an old aunt, who had outlived all soft desires, and was as inflexible to compassion for the woes of love, as a Spanish duenna; and, on the third day, which was the same agreed on by the lovers for the celebration of their nuptials, sent her to a place where she was pretty certain she could hold no correspondence with any one, unknown to him.

Some few hours before her departure, she found means to write a letter to her lover, which she engaged her maid to deliver to him. The contents were as follows:—

"Sir,—The day which I thought should have given me to you, tears me for ever from you; the communication between us, by some means, is discovered to my father,

and I am to be sent to banishment; but to what part of the kingdom, or whether out of the kingdom, I am not able to inform you; I only find, by the preparations making for me, that I am going a long journey. I am so carefully watched, that I have but just time to bid you eternal farewell. You must now give over all expectations of my ever being yours. A ——.

"P. S. As I find the discovery has been made to my father by a letter from an unknown hand, I wish the misfortune may not be owing to yourself, in having trusted some one, unworthy of the secret; since it never has escaped my lips, even to the faithful maid who brings you this, and who will inform you of all my sufferings for these three cruel days.—Once more, adieu.—I shall always wish you happy."

The poor lady had but just time to instruct the maid what she should say on the delivery of the letter, when, though it was no more than four o'clock in the morning, she was called down stairs, and, accompanied by her aunt, hurried into a coach, and carried, no one in the family, her father excepted, knew whither.

The maid, about six, executed her commission; but the distraction of the lover, on hearing the fatal tidings, and reading her letter, may more easily be conceived than described. He knew he had made but one confidant, and therefore it must have been him by whom he had been betrayed; he flew directly to his house, made him be roused from his bed, and, the moment he appeared, cried out, with a voice scarcely intelligible, through rage and despair, "You have undone me; I believed you my friend, and a man of honour; you have basely wronged my credulity, and are a scoundrel and a villain."

The other, recollecting this was the day agreed on for his marriage, had imagined that he called him to be witness of it, and was now so much surprised at hearing him speak in this manner, that he had not power to make the least reply; until the distracted lover threw down the letter he had just received from Miss ——, and said, "Read that, and

if you can borrow effrontery enough, deny your perfidy; your base abuse of friendship."

The gentleman, in the utmost consternation, said he was sorry for the accident, but it had not happened through his fault; and added, that he had never mentioned the affair to any one but his wife, whose fidelity he could not doubt. —If any thing could have added to the lover's fury, the acknowledgment made by the other, of having told the secret to his wife, would have undone it; he even forgot he was the gentleman, and descended to reproaches, seldom made use of but by the lowest classes of men; which the other did not answer, being divided in mind whether he deserved them or not.—"You have ruined all the hopes I had on earth," replied the lover; "your blood is the only atonement you can make." With these words he drew his sword—the other did the same—they exchanged several thrusts—the clash of their weapons presently brought the servants into the room, but not time enough to prevent both from being wounded.

The wife, on this dreadful alarm, jumped out of bed, and, with only a loose night-gown about her, came running in, crying, "What has occasioned this shocking scene?"—"I hope," replied the husband, "you yourself have not been the occasion of it; and that you never mentioned what I told you of respecting this gentleman's courtship with Miss ——?"—"Oh, heavens!" returned she, "is it on that score you fight?"—"Answer not one question with another," said he, "but speak the truth at once."

She then confessed, that in chattering with Miss L——, she had unwarily dropped some hints, and that she guessed the rest.—"It is mighty well," said the despairing lover; "then all is out, and I am no longer to seek out for the author of that cruel letter which has undone me; I know Miss L.'s resentment to me, and must own you could not have taken more effectual means to complete my ruin."—The husband, who felt more smart from his wife's confession, than from the wounds he had received, was beginning to reproach her in the most bitter terms, when he was in-

terrupted by the entrance of a surgeon, who had been sent for by the servants; to whom turning, he said, "You see here, sir, two persons who have need of your help; but I desire you will first examine the condition of my friend." This complaisance the other was far from returning; he would not suffer himself to be touched, saying, "he would receive no assistance in a house, the owner of which had so basely betrayed him;" and with these words ran down stairs, and hurried home, all bleeding as he was.

Fortunately, however, neither of their wounds were mortal, or even dangerous; both were soon recovered; but their friendship never more united, though the husband, conscious of being the aggressor, frequently endeavoured it.—This disunion, with a person whom he truly valued, made the folly which occasioned it appear in its worst colours; and, though he continued to live with his wife, he never could bring himself either to love or behave towards her, as before this accident.—As for the lover, having sought his mistress in every place he could think of, without being able to gain any intelligence of her abode, he retired to the southern part of France, in order to retrieve his affairs by living cheap.—Miss ——, as it was afterwards known, was carried into Wales, where, labouring under the weight of her father's displeasure, the disappointment of her love, and the deprivation of all those satisfactions her youth had been accustomed to enjoy, she fell into a languishing disorder, which soon took her from the world.

M———n. M. P. M.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of pink sattin over a dress of crape; the sleeves formed of alternate stripes of love and sattin.—Cap of white lace, and wreath of flowers.

Fig. 2.—A round dress of fine muslin.—Pelisse of green silk, trimmed with gloss.—A large gipsy hat of straw, ornamented with flowers.

LONDON DRESSES for JULY.

Published, by Vernor Hood & Sharp Poultry July 1.1808.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

AN ELEGY,

Written by the request of a Lady, on the Death of her Husband, Mr. G. Flexton.

1.

FOR thee, departed Flexton, let me mourn,
O, let my bosom, fraught with plaintive fire,
Breath fun'ral sonnets o'er thy sacred urn,
Not inharmonious to the trembling lyre.

2.

Say, gentle spirit, whither art thou gone?
If to Arcadian climes, celestial vales!
Where flow'rs eternal scent th' ambrosial morn,
Wafted on wings of never-dying gales.

3.

Ah now, perhaps, high on a golden throne,
More rich than all the oriental shores,
Thou sit'st, begirt with a seraphic zone,
And to the Almighty grateful tribute pours.

4.

But why, beyond life's transitory sphere,
Dare I of things sublime presume to know,
Enough for me to shed the heart-felt tear,
While my full cup is overcharg'd with woe.

5.

Oft near thy shrine, in melancholy guise,
O let me steal, and musing vigils keep:
While round thy tomb soft gentle zephyr sighs,
T' inspire my numbers tragically deep.

6.

Hail, white-rob'd pity, gentle soother, hail!
Whose glowing touch can melt the callous heart,
Bid fierce banditti, at thy tender tale,
Sheath the drawn sword, and keen remorse impart.

7.

Here in my breast infuse thy soft domain,
While restless mem'ry bids me look behind;
Where strait appear a visionary train
Of pleasures past, that glide athwart my mind.

8.

Delightful scenes, unsullied with a cloud,
Which made to me a paradise below;
Till death, who spares nor mortal meek or proud,
Bade thee, dear Flexton, own the fatal blow.

9.

Ah! then nor grief, nor frantic passion strong,
Ere seized thy frame, tho' conscious of its end;
Nor melting cadence dy'd from off thy tongue,
But pleas'd with what the Deity didst send—

10.

Thou, like the setting sun, whose weaken'd beams retire
When eve her crimson drapery unfurls,
Resign'd thy soul, pure spark of heavenly fire,
To rise with brighter ray in future worlds.

11.

But hold, my muse, thy dulcet plainings cease,
For in the heav'ns, dim gleaming from afar,
Methink I see some vestiges of peace.
Sweet consolation! 'tis hope's glist'ning star,

12.

That seems to whisper, "change thy visage wan,
Dispel corroding care, and grief give o'er;
For when thy glass of time its course has ran,
Thou'lt live with Flexton on th' eternal shore.

Finsbury, April 4, 1808. JOSEPH HAWKINS.

STANZAS TO DEPARTED HEROISM.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT CHATHAM,

On the arrival of his Majesty's ship "the Victory," with the remains of the late illustrious Nelson.

———"Fallen is the *arm* of *battle*,
The *mighty* among the *valiant* is low."
——— OSSIAN.

"WHAT mean the colours half-mast high?"
Why mournful o'er the foaming deep,
Do *Albion's banners* drooping fly?
And yonder *gallant seamen* weep?
That bark contains the pallid corse——
Of *Neptune's* far-fam'd valiant son;
BRAVE NELSON! snatch'd from *glory's course*,
And *victory's laurels* nobly won!
His heart for *England's glory* beat,
His *dauntless soul* with zeal inspir'd.—
To *battle* led his *conquering fleet*—
Saw *victory* dawn, and—calm expir'd!
The vaunting foes outnumb'ring force,
Ne'er chang'd his val'rous, bold design;
Ne'er check'd his firm, undaunted course,
That dar'd to break their *hostile line!*
With *conquest* crown'd, he bleeding fell—
—Fell!—'midst a fight of *matchless pride;*
And *fame* to after times shall tell—
How NELSON *fought!*—How NELSON *died!!!*

But hark!—the "*Victory's*" minute guns
Proclaim the awful period near,
When *(first* of *Britain's gallant sons)*
His corse must deck death's funeral bier!
And when enshrin'd, pale, cold he lies;
Unfading laurels then shall bloom,
(His *spirit* blest in *yonder skies,)*
And *weeping victory* grace his *tomb!*
Then half-mast let the colours fly—
"A *mournful signal* on the main,"
Sacred to—those who dar'd to die;
A last—sad—*tribute to the slain!*

F. C. S. TRAFALGARIUS.
May 1808.

LINES TO A FRIEND,

ON THE INFIDELITY OF HIS MISTRESS.

WHEN the full heart, opprest by grief and care,
O'erflows with anguish, all its hopes destroy'd;
Sinks in the dire abyss of deep despair,
And sick'ning, loaths existence once enjoy'd.

Say, is there nought can mitigate the woes
Of confidence abus'd, and hopeless love?
Can yield the agonizing breast repose,
Or the keen sting of injury remove?

Yes, friendship has resources still in store;
Let her exert her influence o'er your soul,
And on your wounds consoling balsam pour,
Whose genial influence passion can controul.

Love must be *blind*, or never yet had you
A sigh unanswer'd breath'd, or wish'd in vain,
The heart you sought could ne'er have prov'd untrue,
Nor faithless Anna tortured yours with pain.

But blinder still were *you* to trust in charms,
Which, like a fleeting vision, mock the grasp;
And while you court an angel to your arms,
Find fickle woman's form is all you clasp.

Shake off the chains which thus can reason bind,
And every noble faculty enthrall;
Let prouder energies awake your mind,
And worthier objects happiness recal.

ELIZA.

FAREWELL TO CUMMA.

NOW farewell to Wales, to dear Cumma farewell,
Thy mountains and vallies adieu;
Yet oft on thy beauties with raptures I'll dwell,
And regret I'm far distant from you.

No more shall old Catherine's cot meet my eye,
Bryn y orken no more shall I see;
But for all these dear scenes I shall oft heave a sigh,
For dear, very dear, they're to me.

Farewell then, dear friends, and sweet children, farewell,
Your frolics no more shall I view;
Yet oft on each action with rapture I'll dwell,
And regret I'm far distant from you.

CUMMA, FLINTSHIRE, H. C. B.
May 24, 1808.

SONNET.

BY THE LATE MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE partial muse has from my earliest hours,
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread;
And still with sportive hand has snatch'd wild flowers,
To weave fantastic garlands o'er my head.

But far, far happier is the lost of those,
Who never learnt her dear delusive art,
Which while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorns to foster in the heart.

For still she bids soft pity's melting eye,
Stream o'er the hills she knows not to remove;
Points every pang, and deepens every sigh,
Of mourning friendship, or unhappy love.

Ah, then how dear the muse's favour cost,
If those paint sorrow best, who feel it most.

EPIGRAM.

On hearing a performer announce the following performances for the Benefit of Mr. Townsend—"The Follies of a Day,"—"St. David's Day," and "The Birth Day."

FORGIVE me, dear Sir, nor imagine it spite,
That, when smiling, you gave out *three days* for *one night*,
I guess'd—were good wine and gay friends in your way,
You'd reverse it, and wish for
Three nights to one day.

ELIZA.

TO MISS LYDIA G——.

1.

LONG had I rov'd on Cornish plains,
Where wit abounds, and beauty reigns,
Unhurt by Cupid's dart;
No ardent flame within my breast,
Destroy'd my peace, or robb'd my rest,
Till Lydia won my heart.

2.

With rapture Laura's voice I hear,
Eugenia's modest sense revere,
And Mira's wit approve:
But while these favour'd nymphs I raise,
And sing their worth in humble lays,
'Tis Lydia claims my love.

3.

Beneath her beauteous smile to live,
Is joy that splendor ne'er can give,
Or riches ever buy:
Sweet nymph, that rapt'rous bliss impart,
Give to my pray'r a yielding heart,
Nor let thy lover die.

SOUTHWARK, *April*, 7, 1808. CHARLES LYNCH.

ENIGMA.

TWO elements combin'd produced my birth,
Fire brought me forth, but first conceived in earth;
Tho' base my pedigree, my birth obscure,
I'm loved, caressed, and every heart allure:
At balls and operas, nay, at courts I'm seen,
And greatly favour'd both by king and queen;
Attend their levée, and important wait,
To sooth and soften rugged cares of states.
Each sprightly belle makes frequent court to me,
In this alone coquettes and prudes agree;
Till with their persons too familiar grown,
Charms or defects I equally make known:
Where most I flatter, I am most belov'd,
The pleasing falshood secretly approv'd,
If truth I speak, in rage oft break my head,
And substitute some liar in my stead;
Cashier'd their service, thrown neglected by,
I in some lower sphere my fortune try.

My form is various, when I'm most complete,
I'm much admir'd, yet sometimes plain and neat;
Various my power, I alter oft the scene;
Sometimes can give, and sometimes cure the spleen.
I'm useful in each station where I'm plac'd,
And oft'ner am exalted than debas'd;
Delight the young, not hated by the old,
But, Negro like, am often bought and sold.
Now, ladies, if my name you'll quickly guess,
I in return will all your charms express.

May 1808. E. T.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

Wind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be particularly obliged to J. M. L. if he will favour us with another copy of his last communication, which has been accidentally destroyed.

Lines on a Lady Sleeping, are intended for insertion.—Anna's Tomb, is deferred for want of room; the favours of this correspondent are very acceptable.

We are sorry that we cannot just now find the article alluded to by E. T.—we are obliged to omit the second Enigma, on account of the rhyme being defective in many lines; the author will, perhaps, have the goodness to send us a more correct copy.

An *anonymous* writer accuses a certain correspondent of having sent us a Poem not original: as we cannot detect the plagiary, we have inserted it; and trust that we shall be forgiven by our readers on the score of the motive, which is, our unwillingness to listen to the suggestions of envy or malice.

We beg leave to remind the correspondent who took the trouble to copy "Jack Careless," and the "Unnatural Son," from Brewer's Hours of Leisure, that we wish to select *our own extracts:* he, probably, intended to pass them on us for original, and we cannot but think such an attempt extremely disingenuous.

Madame
Catalani.